

## **The Entrepreneur's Regime – Part 1**

### **By Anthony Byrne**

“Do not retard my progress!” said the young entrepreneur to his poor slaves/employees.

“Don't make me pelt you with wads of cash again!” he screamed. Life wasn't always like this.

The employees of Build-a-Bear Inc (BAB) once had a kind CEO. However, he was so kind that he gave too many vacations and none of the bear-makers were available on October 24, 2008. This was the daughter of a rich young entrepreneur named Paris's birthday. Paris's daughter really wanted an indigo-colored bear, and the little firebrand threw an indignant fit when there was no one at the Build-A-Bear store located in the Foxwoods casino.

Since it was customary to buy your youngest daughter a Build-A-Bear on her 7<sup>th</sup> birthday, Paris was furious. How dare those poised little BAB executives try to shatter an indispensable tradition! So he hired a contract killer to take the life of a BAB loved one. The next day, the headline “BAB Executive's Blue Bear Homicide” was all over the news. Although the BAB CEO was unscathed, he was so sad that he left his position.

Paris saw the open spot on the “Board of BAB” (which is usually an indifference of BAB customers) and quickly snapped it up. He said that he would be a good leader and that all his ideas would be mutual. That's all the “Board of BAB” members needed to hear. They were in desperate need of a new CEO that could deal with the “Head Pop-Off” defect that had plagued the production of the famous “Furry Bear”.

But here they were, these poor, underpaid BAB employees performing the regular routine of cleaning Paris's hazardous dog's many toys. Scrubbing and lubricating the squeaker in the squeaky-toy, the poor workers moaned loudly. Upstairs, the workers were forced to wear French waiter uniforms while they catered to the BAB executives' every whim. They have been cheated and lied to. They had to do something. They made a plan and told it to other workers. The other workers tried to dissuade the rebels (who now called themselves the "Anti-BABers"), but it was transparent to the Anti-BABers that they were brainwashed. The leader of the Anti-BABers was supercilious as he declared war on the BAB executives. He dissembled himself and his crew in the capacious French waiter uniforms. He edified them to look as French as possible. When they walked into the office of Paris, they found a vacuous room with only a desk and a chair. They set the trap.

Paris walked into his office and sat down. A few seconds later, a loud crash and then smoke. When the smoke subsided, the other BAB executives saw their greatest nightmare. Paris, the CEO of BAB has been turned into a giant Beanie-Baby, BAB's greatest competitor.

**TO BE CONTINUED...** MAYBE

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